



BADGE  
OF

# JUSTICE



A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

THANKS FOR THE  
EVIDENCE ... WE'VE GOT  
WHAT WE NEED TO SEND  
THIS BIRD TO JAIL!

10¢



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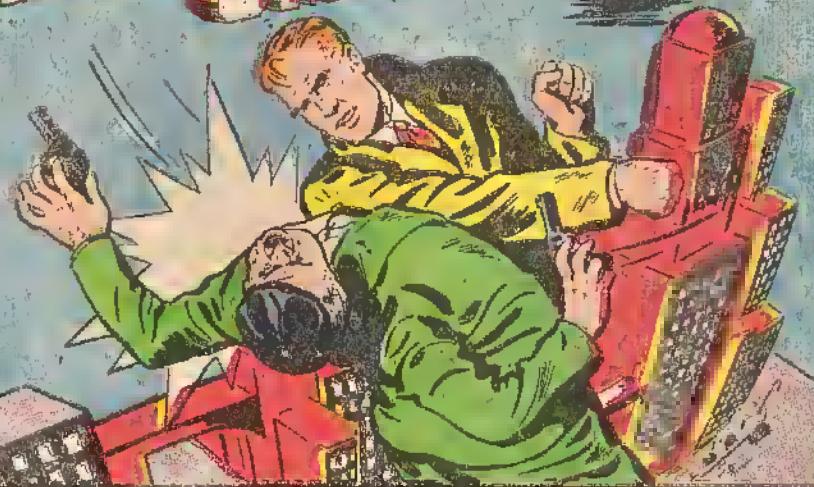


## BADGE OF JUSTICE

# CRIME SMASHER

THERE WAS PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1 TO BRING IN, WITH \$50,000 REWARD ON HIS HEAD, BUT CRIME SMASHER COUNTED THE CASES OF THE MISSING RABBIT, THE THREE LITTLE OLD LADIES AND THE WEEPING BLONDE JUST AS IMPORTANT AS

## THE TRAPPING OF PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1!



TIME: ONE FINE MORNING... PLACE: THE OFFICES OF CRIME SMASHER, INC.....

I STILL CAN'T DIG UP THE NAME OF THAT GUY WHO OWNS THAT BLOODHOUND...

HONESTLY, CRIME SMASHER, NOW I ASK YOU!

HERE KILLER KING IS AT LARGE, PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1 NO LESS, WITH A \$50,000 REWARD ON HIS HEAD---

I KNOW. I'LL HAVE TO NAB HIM.



-- AND YOU, AMERICA'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE NO.1 I WORK ON A MISSING RABBIT CASE!

LOOK! THIS LITTLE BOY'S PET RABBIT NAMED HOPPY HAS DISAPPEARED. HIS MOTHER SAYS HE'S HEARTBROKEN. NOW IF I COULD JUST LOCATE THIS BLOODHOUND, WHICH WOULD LOCATE THIS RABBIT IN A JIFFY. THE LITTLE BOY WOULDN'T BE--

-- HEARTBROKEN ANY MORE, I KNOW.

EXACTLY!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

WELL, IT SO HAPPENS THAT I'VE ARRANGED AN INTERVIEW FOR YOU AT 10 A.M. WITH AL MONE, WHO, BEING THE KILLER'S DEADLIEST ENEMY, SHOULD BE GLAD TO TALK.

OH, FINE, EVE, FINE. GOOD WORK.

AND 10 A.M. IS JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES FROM NOW!

HUH?  
OH IT IS.

WELL, IN THAT EVENT I GUESS THE LITTLE BOY WILL HAVE TO WAIT, WON'T HE--

IN THAT EVENT, YES!

SO FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS IT, CABBY, AND YOU NEEDN'T WAIT!

OH---HELLO! I WANT TO SEE AL MONE!

DA BOSS DON'T WANT TO SEE NOBODY!

OH, HE'LL WANT TO SEE ME-- YOU SEE, I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT--

I SAID DA BOSS DON'T WANT TO SEE NOBODY!

YOU SEE I'M CRIME SMASHER--

OOF!

--AND MR. MONE TOLD MY ASSISTANT THAT HE'D SEE ME AT TEN O'CLOCK--

BAM

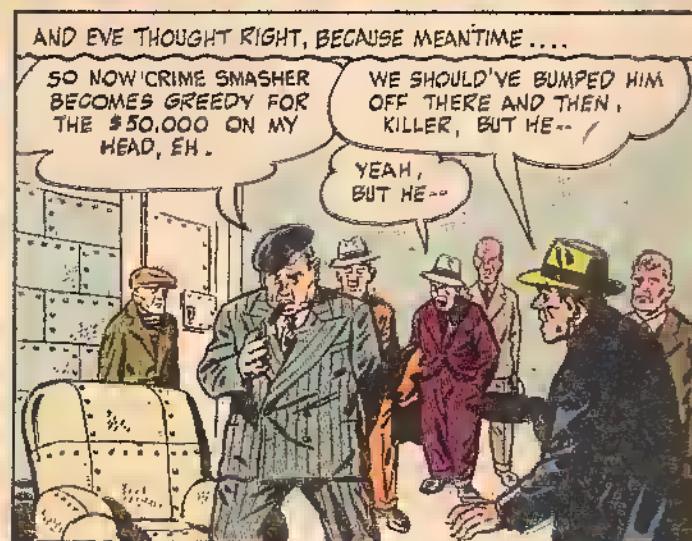
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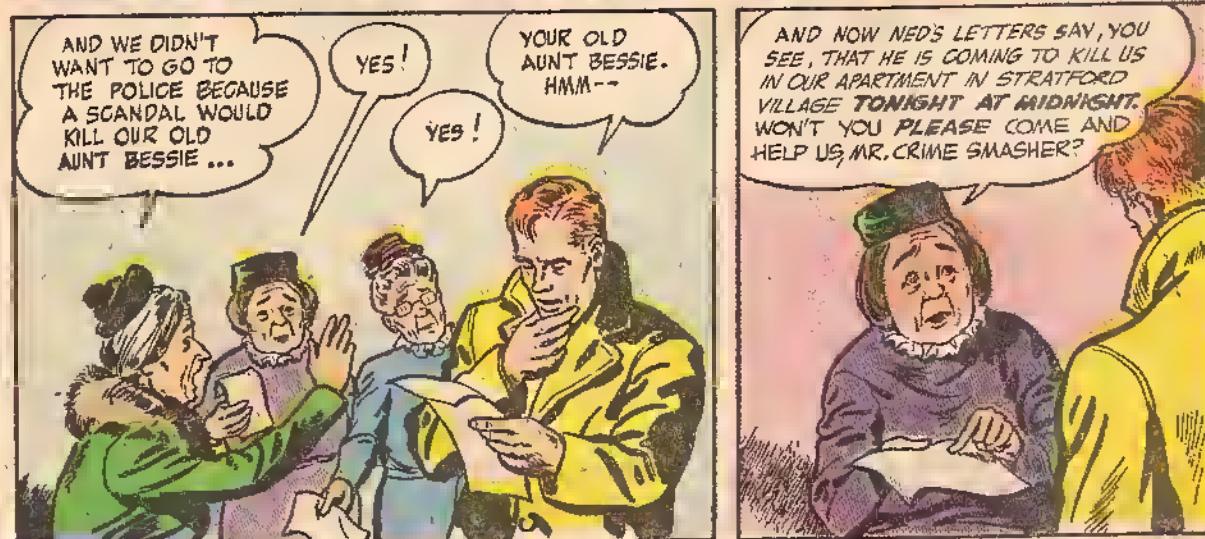
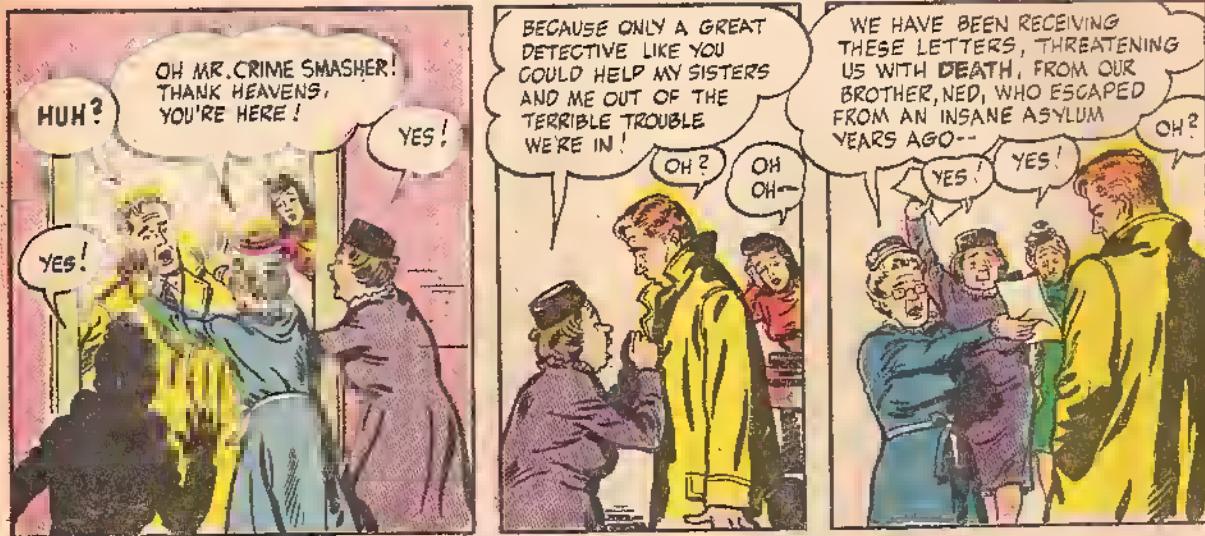
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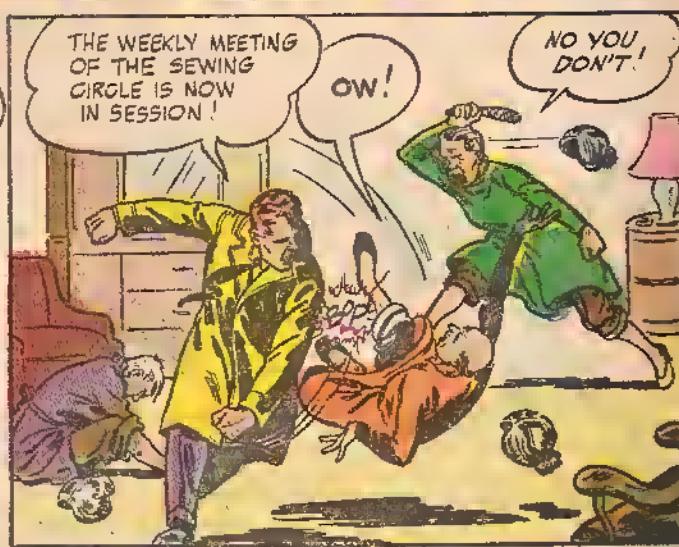
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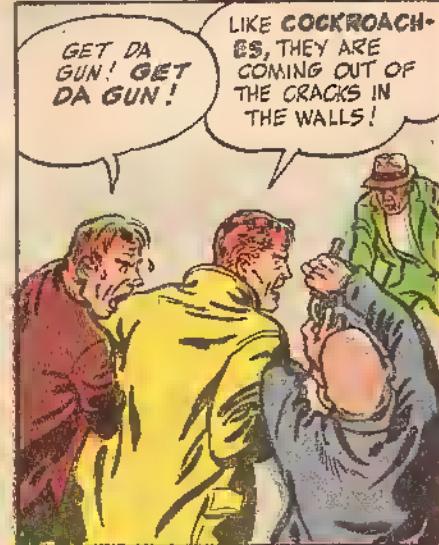
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WELCOME, CRIME SMASHER! WHEN YOUR WELL-KNOWN HABIT OF HELPING ANYONE, WHO IS IN TROUBLE FAILED TO LURE YOU INTO MY LAIR, I HAD TO RESORT TO THE MORE OBVIOUS TRICK--- KIDNAPPING YOUR SECRETARY!

IT'S ONE THING TO GET CRIME SMASHER IN A ROOM. IT'S ANOTHER TO HOLD HIM.



BUT LET ME EXPLAIN, MR. C. THE WALLS OF THIS ROOM ARE SOUND-PROOF AND BULLET-PROOF. THE FURNITURE THAT WE ARE USING AS SHIELDS, IS ALSO BULLETPROOF. THIS IS ONE TRAP, MR. C., YOU WILL NOT BREAK OUT OF!



**BULLETPROOF!**

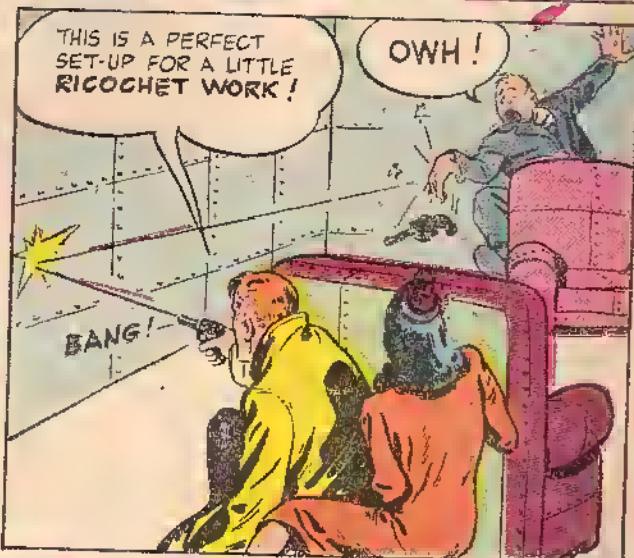
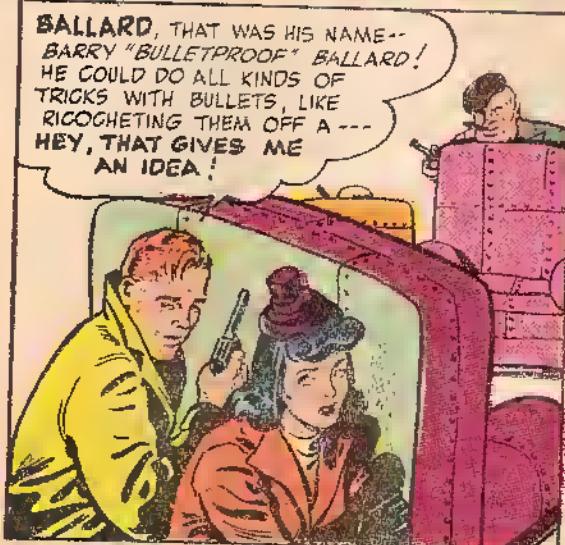
THAT WAS WHAT THE GUY WHO HAS THE BLOOD-HOUND ALWAYS SAID HIS MIDDLE NAME WAS! HE'S AN EXPERT ON BALLISTICS...

OH, HOW CAN YOU THINK OF THAT MISSING RABBIT AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



BALLARD, THAT WAS HIS NAME--- BARRY "BULLETPROOF" BALLARD! HE COULD DO ALL KINDS OF TRICKS WITH BULLETS, LIKE RICOCHETING THEM OFF A --- HEY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

THIS IS A PERFECT SET-UP FOR A LITTLE RICOCHET WORK!



A RICOCHETING BULLET, BALLARD CLAIMED, HAS ALMOST THE SAME FORCE AS A DIRECT HIT!

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T KILL ME!



AND SHORTLY...

WELL, THIS MEANS A COOL FIFTY GRAND FOR YOU, CRIME SMASHER!

YES, I GUESS SO. WELL, I'VE GOT TO GO SEE A MAN ABOUT A BLOODHOUND

HERE WE GO AGAIN!



PSST-- BUNNY-- BUNNY



BADGE OF JUSTICE

# DEATH BY GAS!

EVERY CRIMINAL MAKES A MISTAKE. HE WANTS TO COMMIT A PERFECT CRIME. IF THE LAW IS CAREFUL AND DILIGENT IT CAN ALWAYS GET IT'S MAN.

MISS DELANEY, I THINK WE SHOULD TELL THEM ABOUT ARNOLD LEE AND HIS WIFE.

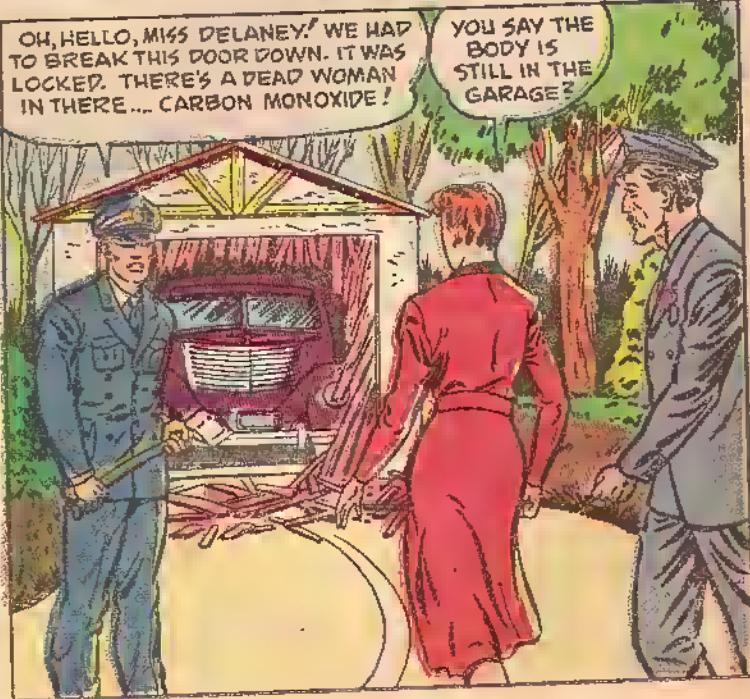
WATCH WITS WITH FRANCES DELANEY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, IN THE CASE OF DEATH BY GAS. HER BODYGUARD, PATROLMAN JAMES RILEY WILL BE PRESENT.

I'M WANTED AT 2379 SPRING AVENUE. AN APPARENT SUICIDE, RILEY. BETTER DRIVE ME THERE AT ONCE!

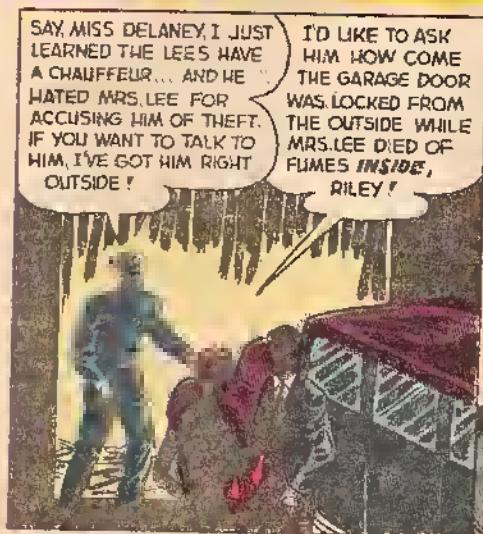
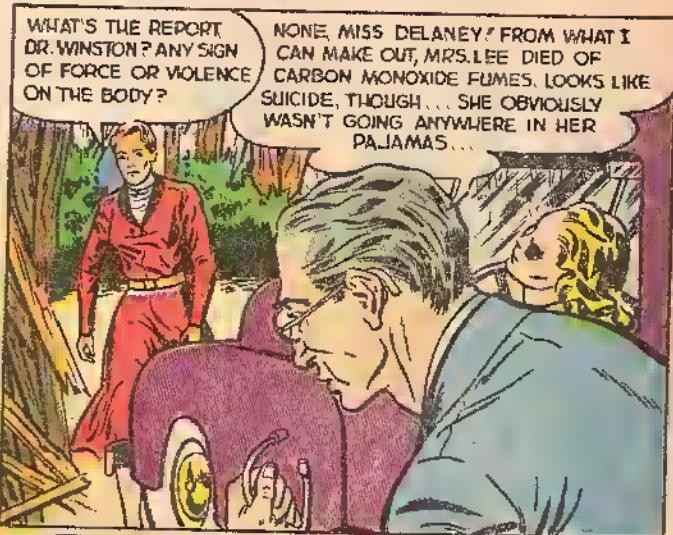
YES, MISS DELANEY!

OH, HELLO, MISS DELANEY! WE HAD TO BREAK THIS DOOR DOWN. IT WAS LOCKED. THERE'S A DEAD WOMAN IN THERE... CARBON MONOXIDE!

YOU SAY THE BODY IS STILL IN THE GARAGE?



# BADGE OF JUSTICE



IT'S TRUE! I HATED MRS. LEE... BUT I DIDN'T KILL HER! WHY DON'T YOU ACCUSE MR. LEE? HE HATED HER, TOO!

NO ONE IS ACCUSING YOU! I'M JUST TRYING TO GET THE FACTS! AND I THINK I WILL TALK TO MR. LEE...

MRS. KANE, NEXT DOOR, CAN TELL YOU MY WIFE ALWAYS SAID SHE WAS GOING TO KILL HERSELF.

THERE'S SOMETHING THAT BOTHERS ME ABOUT THIS CASE. MR. LEE, I'M GOING OUT TO THE GARAGE AGAIN.



YES, RILEY... A COLD DELIBERATE MURDER! I HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE, NOW!

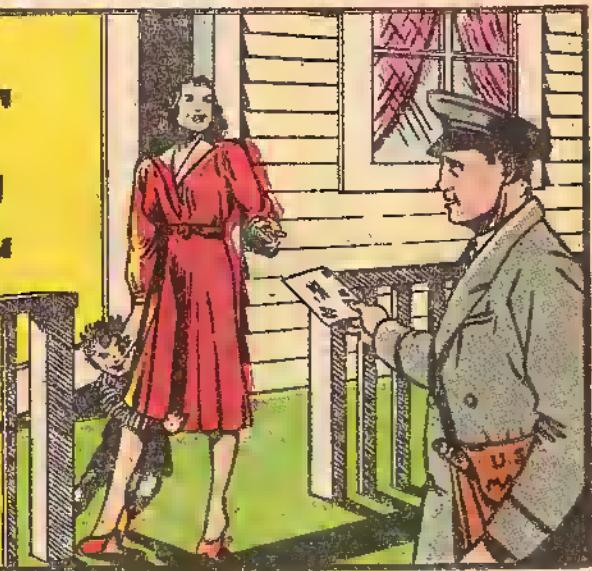
IF YOU HAVE NOT ALREADY SOLVED THIS CRIME, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE ANSWER!



ARREST MR. LEE, RILEY! HE ASPIXKATED HIS WIFE WHILE SHE WAS SLEEPING IN BED, BY RUNNING THE EXHAUST FUMES INTO HER ROOM FROM THE GARAGE... WITH THIS WOE! I SUSPECTED HIM THE MOMENT I STEPPED INTO THE HOUSE, AND

## BADGE OF JUSTICE

# POSTAGE DUE. N.Y.



IT IS a much publicized fact, that almost every criminal sooner or later makes a fatal slip which lands him behind prison bars. One of the oddest cases of my long career as a police detective only tends to prove the truism of this much abused axiom.

Harry Kobier was a pleasant man of about fifty. He had a good-looking wife, two children and a neat home with a car in the garage. For fifteen years he had kept books for a large concern. He had no criminal record or bad habits and was a well liked, respected member of the community.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Let's start from the beginning. It was a cool, sunny day. We had just marched into Rome and the air-waves were crammed with invasion news. D-day had come and we were clustered around the radio, when the chief sent me over to Hillard Bros. \$20,000—in good American currency had disappeared without a trace. When I got to the company, a cantankerous old man blustered about the office, yelling at everybody in sight and making a general nuisance of himself. It took me quite a while to make head or tail out of his rambling statement. It all simmered down to the fact that two bundles of crisp, new hundred dollar bills had mysteriously vanished from the premises. The money had arrived shortly after lunchtime and old Hillard had handed the notes to Barat, his cashier. Hillard wanted to go on, but I said I'd prefer to hear from Barat what happened next. Hillard felt highly insulted and said so in a thousand words. I left him and went out looking for the cashier. A peach of a girl took me to the main office and introduced me to Barat. He was still in a funk. Barat was a tall beanpole of a man. He had the annoying habit of cracking his knuckles and his adams apple jumped up and down his scrawny neck as he stammered precise answers to my questions. I knew Barat thought everybody suspected him of having taken the money. This made him belligerent and unco-operative. I tried my best to calm him down, but soon gave it up as a bad job. To put it in a nutshell: Barat had taken the money from Hillard and brought it into his office. There he had laid it on his desk, signed a few urgent letters and

just as he was about to put the moolah into the safe, Hillard had called him. Well, you can't keep the big boss waiting, so he covered the two bundles with a letter. When he came back a few minutes later the letter was still there, but the cash had vanished!

It was nearly five when I finished my preliminary interrogations. Here are the facts I'd been able to establish beyond a reasonable doubt: from the time the money arrived until I permitted the personnel to go home, NO ONE had left the building. Each and everyone of the 64 employees voluntarily submitted to a search before they went their way. We found nothing, nor did a fairly thorough going over of the premises reveal a suitable hiding place. Most of the 18 office workers had been with the company for many years and Hillard himself, despite all his abusive bellowing, considered them above suspicion.

After everybody except Hillard and Barat had gone I had another talk with the two. Both had calmed down a bit, but I had become irritable. Maybe Hillard's bossy attitude or Barat's stammering was too much for me. Anyhow, at that time I didn't want to admit, that I was sorely puzzled. Nobody had the money on them, no one had left the premises and yet—it isn't easy to hide two packages of hundred dollar bills! I figured the greenbacks must still be somewhere in the building. Again I pressed Barat for more detailed information. Who knew of the money's presence? Who was in the office while Barat was with Hillard? But the nervous cashier grew touchy. With people constantly coming and going he couldn't be sure of anybody. I realized then, I had come to a dead end. I left the two old men and went back to the main office. Once more I went over the place with a fine tooth comb, but the result was the same, nothing! During the four or five minutes Barat had been away, someone had grabbed the cash, hidden it and calmly returned to his routine duties.

Before I gave up, I asked Barat what became of the letter with which he had covered the money. He thought for a moment and then said, that Kobier must have taken it. He had signed all the correspondence and it was ready for mailing.

## BADGE OF JUSTICE

I seldom play hunches, because these things happen only in story books. But, I suddenly felt I hadn't paid enough attention to the meek little bookkeeper. He certainly had the knowledge as well as the opportunity. The fact that he was a trusted employee and had been with the firm for over fifteen years, meant nothing to me. I had a hunch that Kobler was my man and I intended to play it to the hilt. I didn't take Hillard or Barat into my confidence and rather lamely assured Hillard that everything in our power would be done to find the money. I took my leave and went straight to Elmhurst. A few hours of diligent inquiry about the Koblers gave little support to my suspicion. Kobler had lived in the neighborhood for the past 12 years. As far as was known, he had no family troubles or debts. His son had been killed in action somewhere in Italy and his daughter was a Wave, stationed at Norfolk, Va. His small stucco house was neat, the lawn and tiny victory garden well tended. All in all he presented the most unlikely suspect. And yet, despite the mounting evidence to the contrary, I was convinced he took the money.

I spent the following day investigating some of the other office workers. They were good, solid citizens with not a mark against them. Rita Mowrer could have been suspect number one, had she not been sick that day. She had served two terms for shoplifting.

I was dog tired when I finally quit and returned to headquarters to make out my report. I had put a man on Kobler, but the pen-pushers had behaved normally, which, for some unexplained reason, I had expected. Nevertheless, it made me so sore, I hardly slept a wink that night.

The next morning the chief called me into his office and showed me a report which had come over the teletype during the night. The wife of a shipyard worker had turned over 200 crisp hundred dollar bills to the police of Englewood, N. J.

I drove immediately to Englewood, whose chief of police was a good friend of mine. Together we visited Mrs. Tanner, a pretty woman who seemed glad to have the chance to repeat her story. In the late afternoon mail she had received a large envelope marked: "insufficient postage". She had left it on the hall table, intending to ask her hubby about it. She had forgotten about the letter and when she put the kids to sleep, Mrs. Tanner found them playing with hundred dollar bills! The children had taken the envelope and played post office. She gathered the bills together and called the police.

I had seen the envelope. It was of heavy manila paper such as is generally used by stamp dealers in mailing approvals to prospective customers. It was addressed to Jose Vargas in Santiago, Chile, the return address read: Michael Tanner, 45 Harrison Street, Englewood, N. J. both neatly typed.

Although I was positive I had stumbled upon Hillard Bros.' missing cash, for the moment I was too blind to see the connection. I was already on the street, when everything fell into place. I knew who had taken the money and how it was done. I rushed back to Mrs. Tanner and asked her to give me the names of all her relatives and closest friends. And on top of

her list of friends was the name of Harry Kobler!

That afternoon I arrested Kobler. He denied everything at first. But when I confronted him with the evidence: the addresses on the manila envelope were typed on his office machine and the fingerprints on it and on the money were unquestionably his, he broke down and confessed. My bluff had worked. Of course there were no clear prints on the envelope or the money, the children had seen to that, but I didn't tell him that.

Kobler had become embittered since the death of his son. His meager salary hardly covered the high cost of wartime living and left nothing for his beloved hobby, stamp collecting. Seeing everybody around him making plenty of money and spending most of it, Kobler could not resist the temptation, when he saw a chance to make an easy \$20,000. When he fetched the letter from Barat's desk he also took the money, put it in the envelope he always kept handy for swapping stamps with collectors in distant lands and threw it with the other letters into the firm's mailbox. He didn't have time to figure the correct postage so he put all the stamps he had on him on the envelope, hoping it would be enough. The South American address was fictitious, of course. Harry knew it would take many weeks for the letter to come back. Besides he took the additional precaution of giving the name of his best friend as the sender. After the hubbub had died down, he had plenty of time to tell Tanner to hold the envelope for him when it finally came back from its futile journey.

To think that the money was there all the time I turned the office upside down, gave me the shivers. A few cents postage, a child's desire to play United States Mail and the honesty of a good woman crushed the promising career of a clever criminal before it had really started.



BADGE OF JUSTICE

# The HOUDINI of CRIME

DESARRO-- THE HOUDINI OF CRIME! GUNMEN AND KILLERS SPOKE OF HIM WITH AWE AND DREAD! POLICE DENOUNCED HIM AS THE MOST VICIOUS- MOST RUTHLESS AND EVASIVE CRIMINAL IN A DECADE!

YOU'RE FINISHED,  
DESARRO! PUT  
UP YOUR GUNS!  
YOU'RE TRAPPED  
IN HERE!

COME AND GET  
ME, COPPERS!

POLICE GUNFIRE RIPPED LIVID  
WHITE SCARS IN THE DARKENING  
NIGHT! THE PURSUED CAR  
SWERVED WITH RECKLESS ABANDON  
AND SNAKED THROUGH THE  
HAZARDOUS TRAFFIC!

NO, HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE  
CAN'T CHANCE HITTING ANY  
BYSTANDERS! JUST KEEP ON  
HIS TAIL!

THE

# BADGE OF JUSTICE

THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! I HAVEN'T BEEN AN ESCAPE ARTIST ALL MY LIFE FOR NOTHING!

ESCAPE ARTIST! THE WORDS RESOUNDED IN HIS FEVER HEIGHTENED BRAIN, AS FLEETLY HE RECALLED THE ADULATION OF HIS LAST AUDIENCE AND THE INCIDENT THAT LED TO THIS CRITICAL MOMENT!

IT IS THREE MINUTES NOW, THAT THE GREAT DESARRO HAS BEEN SUBMERGED IN THE WATER--- BOUND AND HANDCUFFED!

HE'LL DROWN FOR SURE!



AND THERE HE IS--AS HE PREDICTED! ONLY DESARRO CAN DEFY ALL PHYSICAL LAWS--AND SURVIVE!

MAGNIFICENT!  
INCREDIBLE!

THEY WERE IMPRESSED, NORA--BUT I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN IMPRESSING YOU! NICKY!

OH, IT'S COLLIER IT'S NOT A RICHARDS THAT MATTER OF THEATRE OWNER, AGAIN, IS IT? HE'S NOT MORE GENEROUS THAN I!



LISTEN, HE'S SMALL-TIME COMPARED TO THE PLANS I'VE GOT. STICK WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE WEARING JEWELS FOR COAT BUTTONS! I'LL BE BACK BEFORE THE NEXT PERFORMANCE, AND SHOW YOU!

BURNING WITH A FIERCE RESENTMENT THE BRAGGING, ARROGANT PERFORMER TOOK DESPERATE MEASURES ONLY AN HOUR LATER



IT WAS CONVENIENT, HAVING THE JEWELRY STORE SO CLOSE TO THE THEATRE! THE SAFE HASN'T BEEN MADE THAT COULDN'T BE OPENED BY THE GREAT DE-SARRO! NOW--

# BADGE OF JUSTICE



HE GRABBED THE GLITTERING GEMS! AND WITH THE STEALTH AND AGILITY OF A CAT, HE BOUNDED OUT THE BACK DOOR INTO THE THEATRE, EVEN AS A CRY OF ALARM WENT OUT! THEN--



THE HATE-CRAZED PERFORMER WOULD NOT BE THWARTED! HIS HAND GRASPED HARD METAL, AND--



THE LAW CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL, DESARRO ABANDONED THE SOBBING TREMBLING NORA AND RAN ACROSS THE STAGE! THEN, HE LEAP'T!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

GET AROUND THE OUTSIDE AND CUT HIM OFF!



I'LL GRAB ONE OF THOSE CARS AND PULL INTO HEAVY TRAFFIC! I'LL COME BACK FOR NORA!



I'M HEADING ACROSS THE BRIDGE! GOT TO STEP DOWN ALL THE WAY NOW, SO I'M NOT HELD AT THE OTHER END IF THEY RADIO AHEAD!

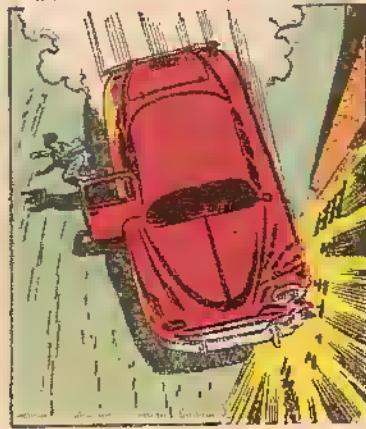


THE TRAFFIC'S THINNER HERE! LET HIM HAVE IT AT HIS TIRES!



I GOT HIM, ED! HIS REAR OUTSIDE TIRE BLEW!

THE CAR AHEAD SKIPPED OUT OF CONTROL AND HEADED TOWARD THE BRIDGE RAILING! AT THE LAST INSTANT-A FIGURE LEAPED CLEAR!



THEY'VE STOPPED! AND THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY ON FOOT! THERE'S STILL A WAY TO GET OUT OF THEIR REACH!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

22

BREATHING HEAVILY,  
HIS EYES  
CLOUDED  
WITH  
PANIC...  
DESARRO  
MOVED  
WITH THE  
CUNNING  
OF A  
CORNED  
RAT. DE-  
FYING  
GRAVITY,  
HE START-  
ED UP THE  
BARE  
SURFACE  
OF THE  
BRIDGE  
STRU-  
TURE!

THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO  
GET A CLEAR SHOT AT ME  
WITH THIS STEEL FRAME-  
WORK IN THE WAY!



SECONDS LATER, A LIGHT BEAM PIERCED  
THE SHROUDING NIGHT LIKE AN ACCUSATORY  
FINGER OF THE LAW!

TRACE EVERY  
INCH OF THAT  
STRUCTURE!

AS SOON AS  
WE PICK HIM  
OUT - LET HIM  
HAVE IT! HE'S  
A MAPMAN!

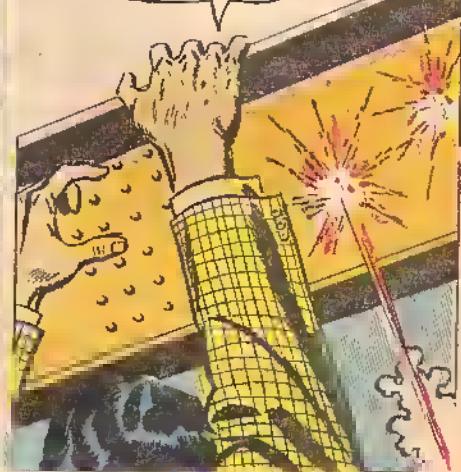


THERE  
HE IS!

UH - MY HEAD! IT JUST  
GRAZED ME



I - I LOST MY HOLD!  
I'M SLIPPING!



HE GRABBED  
OUT  
IN DES-  
PERATION  
AND HIS  
FINGERS  
CLUTCHED  
THE COLD  
UNYIELD-  
ING STEEL  
FRAME-  
WORK!  
BUT HIS  
FLESH  
WAS  
YIELDING  
AND HE  
STRAINED  
WITH EVERY  
LAST RE-  
SOURCE  
TO RETAIN  
HIS PER-  
ILOUS  
HOLD.

I - I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER  
M - MY FINGERS ARE WEAKENING!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

BUT EVEN AS HE HURLED THROUGH SPACE - WITH A SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT HE MANAGED TO CURVE HIS BODY AND CUP HIS EARS AGAINST THE FIERCE PRESSURE! THE YEARS OF DEATH-DEFYING STUNTING HAD INSTINCTIVELY COME INTO PLAY!



BLACKNESS VEILED HIS CONSCIOUSNESS FOR A FRACTIONAL INSTANT, BUT AS HIS PLUMMETING BODY STRUCK THE WATER WITH A BONE-SHATTERING IMPACT, HIS SENSES HAD ALERTED HIM.



BUT AS THE THICK MIST OF EARLY MORNING DISPERSED OVER THE RIVER HOURS LATER - A BATTERED FIGURE ROUSED ITSELF ON THE DEBRIS-LITTERED SHORE!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

HE DRAGGED HIMSELF FORWARD! AND THE AGONY OF HIS EFFORT WAS EXCRUCIATING, KNIFING EACH NERVE WITH PAIN!



FOR A TORTUOUS HOUR AND A HALF DE SARRO MOVED LIKE AN EARTHWORM ACROSS THE FIFTY YARDS TO THE BARGE. AND AT LAST...



WITH A COLD, PRIMITIVE BESTIALITY, THE BATTERED FUGITIVE FLUNG THE BLADE! IT WAS FIENDISHLY ACCURATE!



NOW I'VE GOT TO CARE FOR MYSELF! I - I CAN'T STAND THE PAIN — MUCH LONGER!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

THE URGE FOR SELF-PRESERVATION WAS STRONG...INCREIBLY STRONG! HIS TWISTED, INGENIOUS MIND MINISTERED TO HIS CRUSHED AND ACHING BODY. PRESENTLY...

I-I'VE SET THE ARM AND LEG AS BEST I COULD! A FEW MORE TURNS OF THIS RIPPED SHEET NOW!



HE SANK INTO MERCIFUL UNCONSCIOUSNESS. AND FOR LONG HOURS, HE LAY WRITHING DELIRIOUSLY UPON THE HARD BUNK. WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES...

I-I'M BURNING UP WITH FEVER! IT MUST BE INFECTION SETTING IN! GANGRENE WOULD KILL ME! GOT TO GET SOMEONE TO HELP ME!



AND I KNOW JUST THE ONE! I'LL WRITE A NOTE AND-AND GET ONE OF THOSE KIDS TO DELIVER IT!



JUST ENOUGH WORDS TO MAKE HIM COME HERE! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!



HEY, JERRY! THAT GUYS CALLING YOU!

OKAY, MISTER. BE RIGHT THERE!



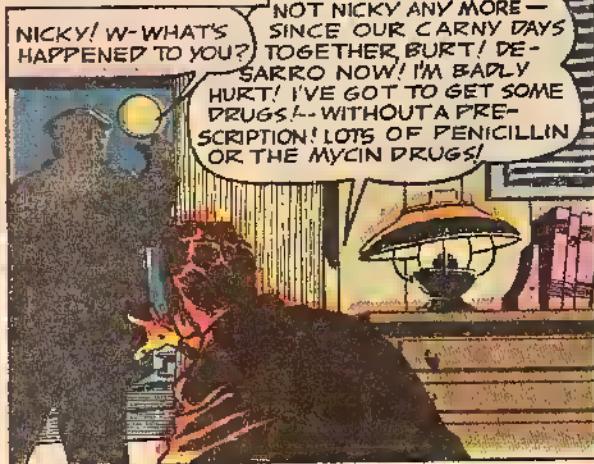
P-DELIVER THIS NOTE TO THE ADDRESS ON IT! HERE'S A DOLLAR! THERE'LL BE ANOTHER FOR YOU WHEN YOU DO IT!

GEE-TWO BUCKS! THANKS, MISTER! I'LL SURE DO IT IN A JIFFY AND BE BACK!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

AN HOUR WENT BY- AND THEN ANOTHER, WITH NO RESPONSE TO HIS MESSAGE! THEN SUDDENLY- A BIG, HULKING FIGURE LOOMED IN THE DOORWAY!



AND SO THE TROUBLED AND BE-WILDERED BURT KASHUCK BROUGHT DESARRO THE DRUGS! STILL ACTING UNDER THREAT, HE BROUGHT HIM FOOD AND TENDED HIM FOR SEVERAL WEEKS. DESARRO RECOVERED GRADUALLY, BUT HE WAS A BENT AND MISSHAPEN MAN, ONE

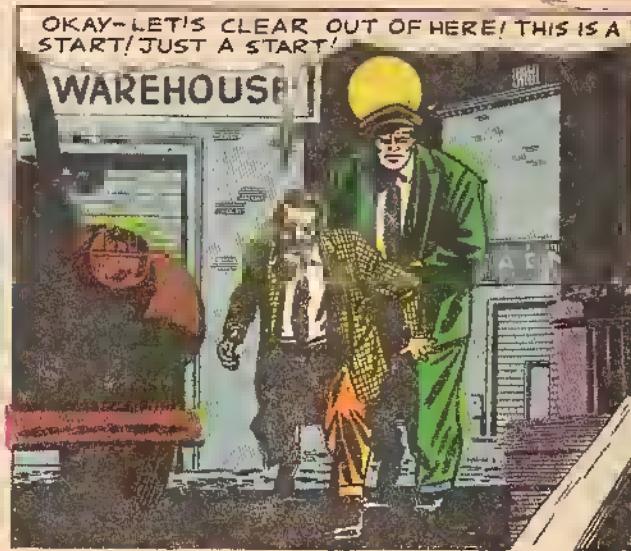


YOU SOLVED THAT FOR ME! WHEN YOU TOLD ME HOW EASY IT WAS TO LIFT THOSE ANTI-BIOTICS! THOSE DRUGS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE IF WE CAN GET ENOUGH OF THEM! IT'S A NEW RACKET!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

WITH HIS EVIL TENTACLES SUNK VIOLENTLY DEEP, DESARRO BENT BURT KASHUK TO HIS WILL. HE HAD HIM STEAL A TRUCK AND SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT---



AND FROM THEN ON DESARRO STRUCK FAST AND HARD! WORD OF HIS RACKET SPREAD IN UNDERWORLD CHANNELS AND SOON A DOZEN HARDENED CRIMINALS JOINED HIM. ONE OF THEIR HAULS IN A LARGE PHARMACEUTICAL LABORATORY!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE



DESARRO'S COLD-BLOODED SADISM SEEMED ONLY TO INTENSIFY ITS MANIACAL URGE!

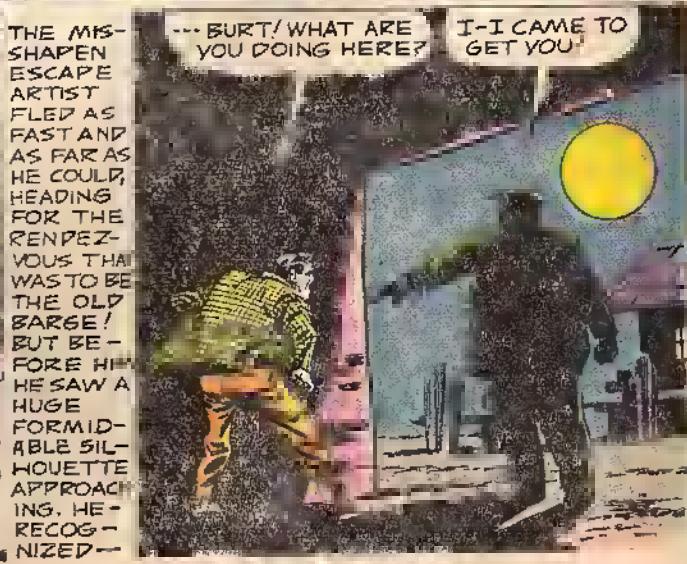
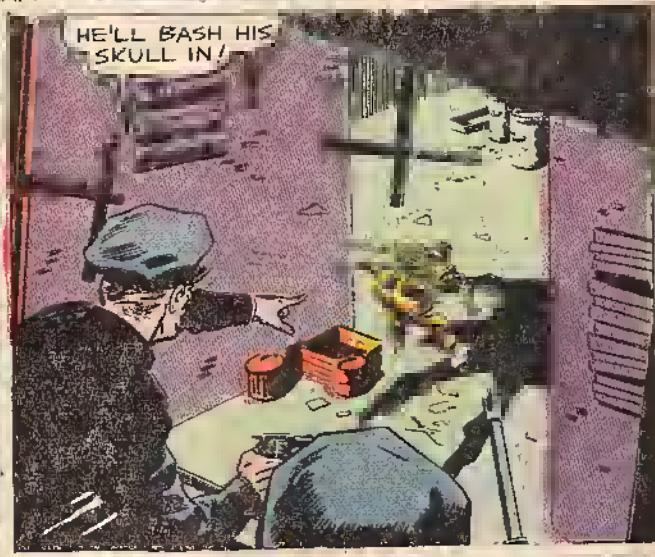
AS HIS DRUG RAIDS REACHED ALARMING PROPORTIONS, THE AUTHORITIES GREW CONCERNED ABOUT PUBLIC HEALTH! ON THE EVE OF ANOTHER PLANNED ROBBERY,



# BADGE OF JUSTICE



UNDER THE SCATHING FIRE OF THE POLICE WEAPONS, DESARRO AND HIS VICIOUS MOB FLED THE FATAL AMBUSH! BUT THE FORCES OF THE LAW ADVANCED WITH UNFLINCHING PETERMINATION! AT LAST--THE GANGSTERS WERE CORNERED LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

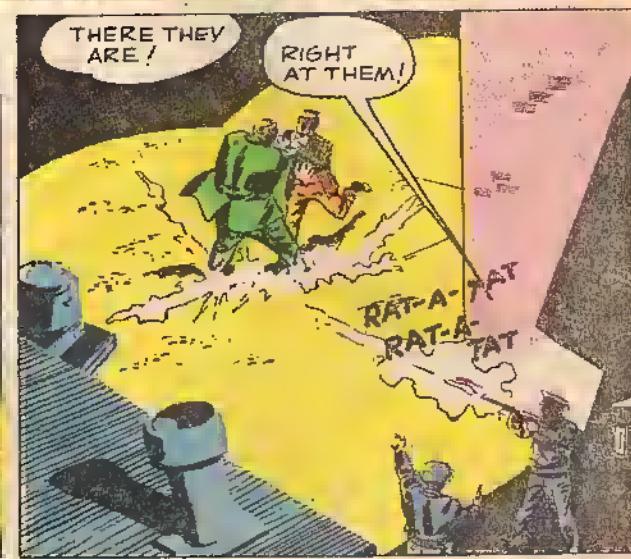


THE MIS-SHAPEN ESCAPE ARTIST FLED AS FAST AND AS FAR AS HE COULD, HEADING FOR THE RENDEZ-VOUS THAT WAS TO BE THE OLD BARGE! BUT BEFORE HIM HE SAW A HUGE, FORMIDABLE SILHOUETTE APPROACHING. HE RECOGNIZED--

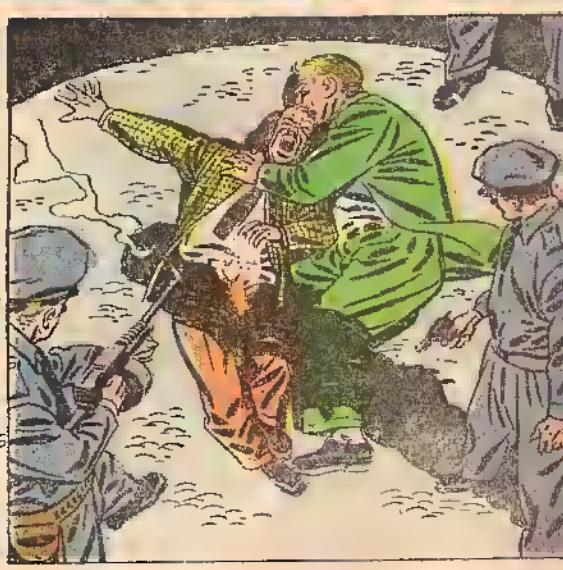
# BADGE OF JUSTICE



THE FORMER STRONG MAN'S TERRIFYING TEMPER ROSE TO A MADDENING PITCH! HE SEIZED DESARRO'S THROAT WITH HANDS THAT GRIPPED LIKE STEEL TALONS!

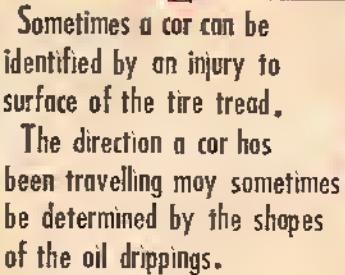
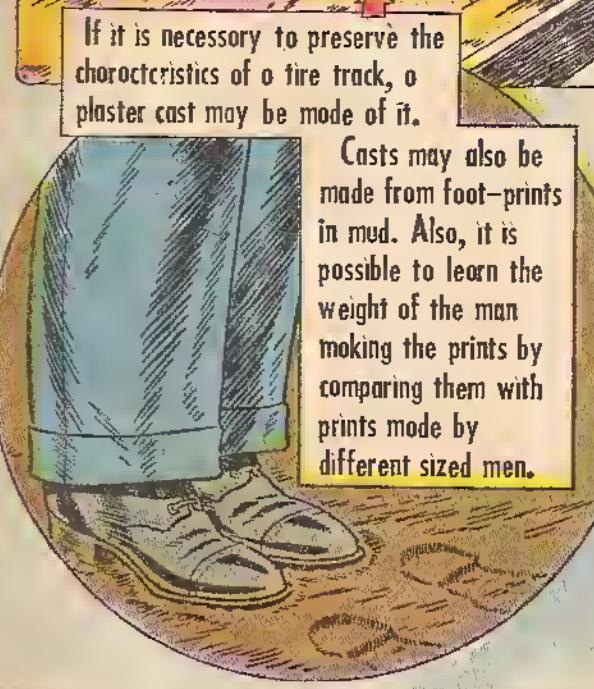
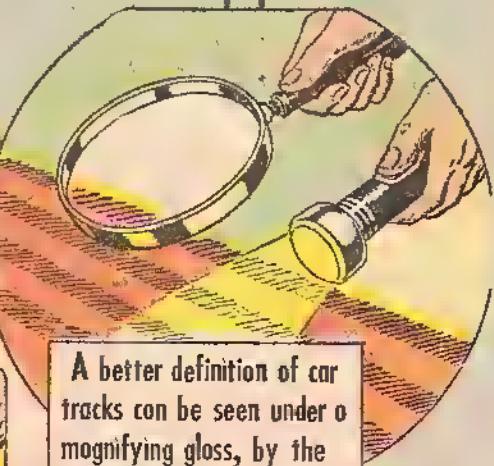
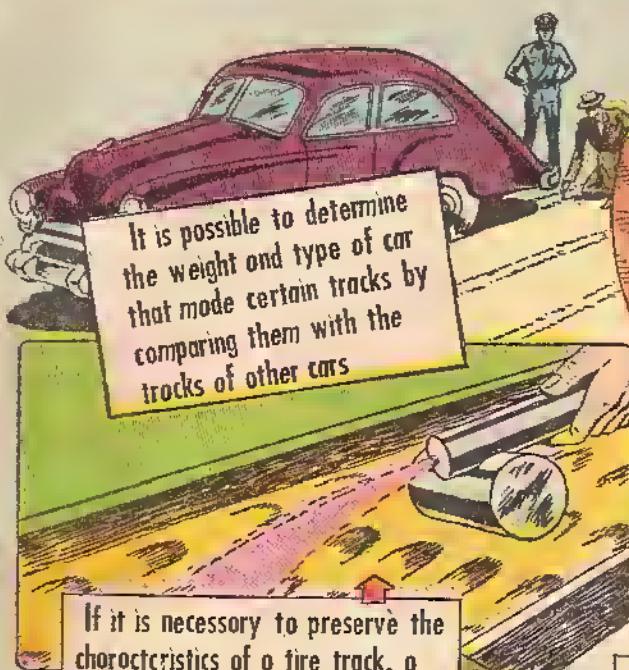


BULLET RIPPLED AND LIFELESS, STRETCHED OUT ON THE DAMP COBBLE-STONES! NICKY TRI-SKIN-- OR DESARRO, THE HOUDINI OF CRIME, MET HIS INEVITABLE, VIOLENT END, FOR NO ONE CAN ESCAPE THE ALL-SEEING EYE, AND THE FAR-REACHING ARM OF THE LAW.



# CRIME TRACKS

## How criminals are trapped



The designs of standard tire treads have been classified and numbered so that the treads of any make of tire can be quickly identified.

